

# Hiccup Gone

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Category: How to Train Your Dragon

Genre: Family, Tragedy

Language: English

Characters: Astrid, Hiccup, Stoick, Valka

Status: Completed

Published: 2014-06-24 02:02:38

Updated: 2014-06-24 02:02:38

Packaged: 2016-04-26 19:19:50

Rating: K+

Chapters: 1

Words: 910

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: What if Stoick didn't reach Hiccup in time?

HTTYD2

## Hiccup Gone

\*\*For those of you who like to have your heart ripped open.\*\*

\* \* \*

><p>Stoick ran for all he was worth. He could see Toothless cornering Hiccup against a wall of ice. Why did it look like Toothless was attacking Hiccup? That night fury positively adored the boy! It would never do anything to harm its rider.</p>

The battle raged on around them, but Stoic's eyes were fixed on the edge of the melee where Hiccup reached out a hand to his dragon. It was not clear if he wanted to touch the beast's snout lovingly or beg for his life. The gas began to build up inside the night fury's mouth. Stoick's heart, already hammering with adrenaline, picked up speed, and his lungs gasped in the icy air in exertion.

He was closer now, close enough to see the blatant fear painted on his son's face - close enough to see the dragon aim.

"TOOTHLESS!" Hiccup pleaded, pressing his back more firmly against the icy wall. The lad's legs were shaking, yet he still held his ground, choosing to believe in his best friend.

"HICCUP!" Stoick shouted. He was too far away. He wasn't going to make it. Stoick willed his legs to run faster.

"DAD! NO!" Hiccup reached out his other hand this time in a clear 'STOP' signal. Not that Stoick was going to pay any attention to it. Not when his son's life was on the line. But it didn't matter. Toothless ignited the gas.

"NO!" Stoick screamed as his only child was blasted point blank by a night fury. Hiccup disappeared in a cloud of smoke and a horrible cracking sound split the air as the ice broke apart. Stoick ran right up to the cloud, waving his arms about to clear it faster.

And there was Hiccup. There was his son still as death, laying prone face down on the ground, covered in ice.

"Noâ€|.no," Stoick breathed, stumbling backwards a bit before he caught himself. "HICCUP!"

Falling down to his knees beside his son, Stoick grabbed Hiccup's shoulder and turned him over roughly. The young lad was completely limp, his head lolling on the cold ground. The sight of Hiccup's slack jaw and closed eyes cut a knife straight through his father's heart. Never did Stoick think he would have to see his son in such a state again.

"Hiccup," Stoick was aware of his voice becoming significantly rougher and tears pushing past his lashes, but he wouldn't have been able to contain himself if he tried. "Hiccup! Come on, son!" He patted his son's cheek a few times, hoping to garner a reaction.

Valka dropped to the ground next to her husband, having finally just caught up. Her hands reached out for the son she hardly knew.

"Hiccup?" She whispered. Her hands cradled his face, and her thumbs stroked away some of the soot. Oh Odin, don't take away her baby she only just got back.

Toothless stepped closer to the huddled family, shaking off the last vestiges of the alpha's control. He sniffed the air and smelled one of his own blasts of fire. Horror settled in the dragon's gut as it looked at its motionless rider on the ground. He hurried closer to his Hiccup, crooning in distress.

"NO!" Stoick roared, pushing Toothless back. "Get away from him!" Toothless looked confused and hurt as he backed away a couple steps, glancing at Hiccup. "Get out of here!" The great hulk of a man waved his arms threateningly, successfully scaring Toothless back further.

Valka placed her hand on his shoulder, watching Toothless sadly. "It wasn't his fault. You know that."

Stoick looked at his wife and saw his own anguish reflected back at him. The Viking chief let out a wail of grief and gathered the body of his one and only son to his chest.

The sound of flapping wings reached the grieving parents' ears, announcing the arrival of the other dragon riders.

"Hiccup?!" Astrid ran to them, skidding to a stop in front of Stoick. "Hiccup?" She grabbed her fallen love's hand and pressed the backs of her fingers against his cheek. "Come on...get up," She said through clenched teeth. There was no response from the fallen rider. "HICCUP!" Astrid screamed at him, scared tears making their way down her

face.

The others looked on in shock. Hiccupâ€|dead? Surely not Hiccup: rider of the night fury? To see him so still when he was usually so full of life made them choke on the cold air. The kid they had bullied relentlessly, the kid who had saved their lives, the kid who introduced them to their dragons was as cold as the ground he lay on.

Gobber lowered his head in grief. He had arrived with Valka, but kept a respectful distance. The boy he practically raised, taught blacksmithing to, and watched grow into a man was lying still in his father's heaving arms, his mother running fingers through his hair, and his sweet heart clutching his hand to her chest, weeping. Gobber couldn't choke back the sobs at the thought he would never hear that sarcastic youth make another crack at him or talk with him about new saddle designs.

Hiccup was gone.

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><p><strong>Critique me please. I am here to improve my writing and indulge in my fantasies. <strong>

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file.